Iowin your daughter.
Qu. There is no other waie
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
King Infer faire Englands peace by this alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting war.
King Saie that the king which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the kings king forbids.
King Saie ſhe ſhalbe a high and mightie Queene,
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King Saie I will loue her euerlaſtinglie.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt.
King Sweetlie inforce vnto her faire lyues end.
Qu. But how long farely ſhall her ſweet life laſt?
King So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
King Saie I her ſoueraign am her ſubiect loue,
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loaths ſuch ſoueraintie.
King Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainlie told.
King Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honeſt is too harſh a ſtile.
King Madame your reaſons are too ſhallow & too quicke
Qu. O no my reaſons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue.
King Harpe not on that ſtring Madam that is paſt.
Qu. Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I till hartſtrings breake.
King Now by my George, my Garter and my crown.
Qu. Prophand, diſhonerd, and the third vſurped.
King I ſweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath,
The George prophand hath loſt his holie honor,
The Garter blemiſht pawnd his knightlie vertue,
The crown vſurpt diſgract his kinglie dignitie,
If ſomething thou wilt ſweare to be beleeude,
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrongd.
King Now by the world.
Qu. Tis ful of thy foule wrongs.

King My

King. My Fathers death.
Qu. Thy life hath that diſhonord.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt.
King. Whie, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all,
If thou hadſt feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the king my brother made,
Had not bene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettall circling now thy brow,
Had graft the tender temples of my childe,
And both the princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now, two tender plaie-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith, hath made a praie for wormes.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrongd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe, haue manie teares to waſh,
Hereafter time, for time, by the paſt wrongd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughterd,
Vngouernd youth, to waile it in their age,
The parents liue, whoſe children thou haſt butcherd,
Olde withered plantes, to waile it with their age,
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt,
Miſuſed, eare vſed, by time miſuſed orepaſt.
King. As I intend to proſper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hoſtile armes, my ſelfe, my ſelfe confound,
Dayè yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy reſt,
Be oppoſite, all planets of good lucke,
To my proceedings, if with pure heartes loue,
Immaculate deuocion, holie thoughtes,
I tender not thy beauteous princelie daughter,
In her conſiſtes my happines and thine,
Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee her ſelfe, and manie a Chriſtian ſoule,
Sad deſolation, ruine, and decaie,
It cannot be auoided but by this,